

1-15

T. B. Esq.

8



Ode

T. O.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM,

DUKE of CUMBERLAND, &c. &c. &c.



Took my Lyre, and thought to sound
Some godlike Prince with Laurels crown'd
Billy, began the Martial Air,
With war-tan'd Cheek, and wind-blown Hair.

Prince *Eugene's* March I then would play,
My Rebel Finger spurn'd the Lay,
And Teytor-like unthought of stole
To "Soft Invader of my Soul."

B.

Vex'd,

Vex'd, I new strung my love-warp'd Lyre,
 And skrew'd each Chord an Octave higher ;
 And now methought my * cunning Hand
 Might sound " the Wars of *Cumberland*."
 But, as if all the World should know
 I stole my Strings from *Cupid's* Bow,
 The tell-tale Lyre, with shriller Tone
 Still sang of Love, and Love alone.

Adieu! Thou rising Sun of Fame!
 No more I sing thy Warrior Name.

A *William Dettingen* requires

A Trumpet's Voice, and not the Lyre's.

Then pour, ye Tubes, your Silver Throat,

With my Chords I breath a Note,

A Note so soft, that it shall prove

My Hero, nay my God, is LOVE.

* *May my Right Hand forget her Cunning.* Ps. cxxxvii.

To

Beginning (13)

To the FAIR SEX.

NATURE (to shew that scarce-known Art
How we our Favours shou'd impart)
With Strength the Bull's curl'd Forehead horn'd;
With Flint-like Hoofs the Horse adorn'd.
And while the Lion roar'd for Prey,
The Hare secure ran swift away.
Birds in their Pinions found a Friend,
Fishes upon their Fins depend;
And Man, who should this World controul,
Was deep intrench'd in his own Soul.

What then had Nature to bestow
To guard weak Woman from her Foe?
Oh, think not Providence unkind!
Or Nature to her Sex purblind;
To Woman she such Beauty gave,
That ALL CREATION is her Slave.

On LOVE.

TWAS Night, and all the Winds and Hail
 Broke loose in Uproar from their Jail.
 Boötes, with contracted Reign,
 Was hurrying round his Bear-drawn Waine.
 The busy World, with Toil oppress'd,
 Was sleeping in the Sheets of Rest;
 When *Cupid* made a piteous Roar,
 The Hammer thund'ring at my Door.
 Disturb'd, I in a Passion rise,
 And ask the Meaning of this Noise?
 When the arch Rogue makes this Reply,
 Open the Door, 'tis only I.
 You've nothing from a Child to fear,
 Whom the dark Night misguided here;
 Half-starv'd, and wet, Sir, to the Skin,
 I crave your Worship let me in.
 Nor needed my Compassion more----
 I took my Candle to the Door,

And

And straight a pretty Boy was seen,
 (A Boy, that yet scarce seem'd fourteen)
 Nor did I the lost Urchin know,
 Tho' seen his Quiver, Wings, and Bow.
 I welcome him, and thus desire,
 " My pretty Guest, draw near the Fire."
 His little Hands, benumb'd with Cold,
 Between my warming Hands I hold.
 Then fetch a Cloth, and rub his Hair,
 Wet with the midnight Storms of Air.

But when this Bosom-Serpent felt
 His frozen Blood begin to melt,
 Casting at me a sneering Eye,
 Sir, with your Leave, says he, I'll try,
 If the late Storms of Hail, and Snow
 Have hurt my Bow-string or my Bow.

Straight the bent Yew whiz'd forth a Dart,
 Like Lightning quick it pierc'd my Heart;
 While giggling, swift away he flew,
 With " Thank ye, Sir," and this Adieu;

" Unhurt,

" Unhurt I find my String and Bow,

" I wish you find your Heart is so."

LOVE and WINE.

WHERE respire the Damask Rose,

Where the red-strip'd Woodbine grows,

Where the Jessmims fair and sweet

With there Sister-Lillies meet,

Where perfumes the red-ey'd Pink,

There I'll lay me down and drink.

Love, my Waiter there shall be,

Ganymede, instead of Thee.

Bring the Apron here in haste,

Tie it round his Godship's Waste,

That, when for the Flask I ring,

Cupid may the Nectar bring.

Io Pan! How blest am I?

See, my Draw'r has Wings to fly.

I'm too loyal ere to think

Interregnums safe in Drink.

Iō Pan ! How blest am I !

See, my Draw'r has Wings to fly !

Iō ! Love out-flies the Sun,

Ganymede cou'd only run.

When I'm bosky, and I reel,

Then, methinks, that Life's a **Wheel** :

Round and round it swiftly turns,

'Till with its own Fire it burns,

Whirling to primæval Dust,

As **WE** jolly Mortals must.

But ere yet arrives that Day,

Let me drink dull Care away.

Bring me first my Tuba-Rose,

Let me smell it as it grows.

Let me *Cupid*, lovely Boy,

While I've Life, that Life enjoy.

But fane Woman Life's a Pain ;

Porter—fetch me *Sally Lane*,

The R O S E.

R O S E, the Glory of the Spring,

Thee my Lyre intends to sing.

Lovely Flow'r, the Loves agree,

They're no Loves depriv'd of thee.

Bacchus too consents alone

Thy Perfumes excel his own.

From yon Vine that Elm divorce,

Tear it up with all your Force ;

Let the Rose around it twine,

Closely their Embraces join,

Till its blushing Cheeks disclose

That the Grape has kiss'd the Rose.

And, oh *Bacchus*, grant my Suit,

Let your Vint'ner press the Fruit ;

In whose Pulp the Rose and Vine

Their mix'd Essences combine.

Vint'ner press me just one Glass,

That (in Flavours which surpass

Cyprus,

Cyprus, Cape, or brisk Champaign

I may drink my *Sally Lane*.

Rose, sublimely sweet and fair !

Rose, the Spring's peculiar Care !

Lovely Rose ! supream Delight !

Thee the festive Gods invite,

When the Nectar makes them sing,

And the Heav'ns with *Iō's* ring.

But they tell me by the by

(Nor can I suppose a Lye)

There when Plenty pours her Horn

Forth, you fall without your Thorn.

Lovely Rose ! how blest the Bee,

That alone has ravish'd Thee.

On thy Breast entranc'd he lay

Sucking Honey, sweet as they.

With his Gimplet bor'd a Hole,

There thy Virgin-Sweets he stole ;

But forgive a Rape so kind,

Since it left no Sting behind.

(10)

Lovely Rose! the wanton Boy
When he means his fav'rite Joy,
'Tis not (sweetest Flow'r!) that He
Dances with the Graces three,
But with rosey Chaplets crown'd
When he foots the noisy Ground,
His sole Joy, we all agree,
Is, that he is crown'd with Thee.
And if, in my Laurel's Stead,
Thou wilt crown thy Poet's Head,
He shall lyre thy Beauty's Praise,
Bacchus will approve his Lays;
While the jovial ranting Throng
All in Chorus join the Song.
Hark! *Da-Capo* *Pæans* sing
"Rose, the Glory of the Spring."

From

From the ITALIAN.

IF 'tis so sweet a Sin to kifs,
And if that Sin we must not try :

Say, how imperfect Nature is

That cannot with her Laws comply !

Or say how hard these Laws must press

Which Nature cannot but transgress !

To MYRA. From the Italian.

HAPPY the Youth, whose sole Desire
Is but to see Thee, and admire.

Yet happier much th' enamour'd Boy

Who heaves for Thee the tender Sigh.

But happiest of the happy Three,

Who sighing steals a Sigh from Thee.

Instructions to Hoare, to draw MYRA'S Picture.

COME, my *Hoare*, in wanton Taste,
Mix the medley-colour'd Paste,
For your Art must now display
Nature's Master-piece of Clay.

Paint the Nymph, who gently stole
By sweet Witchcraft to my Soul,
There she lurk'd by Night and Day,
Till she stole my Heart away.

Let me first her Locks adore,
Such as *Henry's Emma* wore.
On her Neck the Ringlets play'd,
Henry saw, and lov'd the Maid.

Make her Cheeks with Blushes glow,
Such as in thy SEASONS shew,
Those I'd rather mean to sing
Blushing on the Cheeks of Spring.

Let her Eyes a Brightness beam,
Like the sun-reflecting Stream.

Dye

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Dye them with a lively Jet,
Wash'd in Milk, and fitly set.

Make her Lips pout forth to mine,
Asking Kisses, dropping Wine.
But to make me happier still,
Make them seem to say "I will."

Let the thin transparent Lawn
O'er her snowy Breast be drawn,
Thro' the Blind, that I may spy
What might else outglare the Eye.

Underneath the Gold-wrought Gown
Let her smallest Feet be shewn;
Smaller sure were never seen,
Once tho' Fairies trip'd the Green.

Here thy flighty Fancy check,
And tho' Silence cannot speak,
Yet the Colours shall declare
Both the Painter and the Fair.

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The DENIAL not taken.

SHOULD *Myra* barely once but bid me go,
And rashly rush amidst the Rebel Foe;
Or burn that † Pile, whose Mitre cannot rise,
(That sacred Pile, for there black *Henry* lies!)
Nay shou'd she bid me stop Life's purple Spring
Or to myself, my Father, or my King; *
I'd kiss the joy'd Commission from her Hands,
And boldly execute her just Commands.

But shou'd the Nymph a thousand Times declare
I must desist, or what is worse, despair!
Tho' my Misfortunes were in Heav'n decreed,
And tho' I knew I never shou'd succeed,
Yet while I've Breath her Rhetoric were vain,
For I will winter out Love's cold Campaign.

To MYRA.

- I. **W**HAT? tho' my much-wrong'd Pedigree I trace,
 From Princely Blood, and bear its Arms and † Name.
 Princely---ere yet the *Norman*, Harlot Race
 Polluted *Albion's* fair-descended Fame.
- II. Tho' *Cæsar's* Legions cou'd not *Wales* subdue,
 Yet vaunt I not my Birth, or Courage brave.
 Trust me, my *Myra*, for it's Gospel-true,
 My greatest Pride is, that I'm thought your Slave.

The B O W L.

BAGNAL †, work me up a Bowl

Big as my capacious Soul;
 Make it like a Cradle deep,
 In't to rock my Cares asleep.
 Carve thereon no earthly Thing,
 Save the Rose-perfuming Spring.

† Becknock.

† A working Silversmith in Smithfield.

Let me there no Cannon see,

Nor the Word " Artillery."

For I hate their clam'ring Roar

Since *October* Forty-four,

When the Thunder at the Tow'r

Turn'd a Pipe of Claret four.

Let no Stars their Lustre shine,

They're all cruel Foes of mine.

Nor, thou Moon, my Bowl disgrace

With thy pale, green-Sickness Face,

Carve the Sun, the Tipler's Chief,

Pimpled o'er in Bas-relief.

(For those Spots our Tubes disclose

Are the Pimples on his Nose.)

There no Gemini's I'd read,

Except Love and *Ganymede*;

Carv'd not in their Forms divine,

But like Boys that tread the Vine.

Venus on my Bowl I'd see,

Basing naked from the Sea.

Two old Tritons high in Air
 On a Shell the Goddess bear ;
 She, not angry from her Soul,
 Tho' a wistful Look they stole.
 In her Hand she seems to hold
 Shreds, that look like liquid Gold.
 What sweet Gales perfume the Air,
 Issuing from her Amber Hair ;
 Moist, it drops its Amber Show'rs,
 (Clearer and more sweet than ours.)
 In my Bowl I'll catch them all,
 Ere into the Sea they fall.
 And I'll think myself divine
 When I quaff th' Ambrosial Wine.

The DREAM, to MYRA.

AS cautiously the Cake was laid
 Last Night beneath my Maiden head,

Methought a little buzzing Fly
 That often came, and knew not why;
 Yet still wou'd come, and flutt'ring caper'd
 Around my lighted waxen Taper.
 In vain his Friends might push him by,
 And bid him not approach too nigh.
 He minded not whate'er we'd say,
 Nor cou'd we force the Mule away.
 'Till vent'ring always nigh'r and nigh'r
 At last he set his Wings on fire.

The Hint convinc'd me soon, that I
 Was the well-counsell'd buzzing Fly,
 Who heedless to my Flame return,
 Till all on Fire with Love I burn.

CUPID in W A X.

WALKING where the Scene affords
 Nought but Nests of Humming-Birds.

Or, if more the Fancy please,
Nought but Swarms of buzzing Bees.

(But more properly to talk)

Walking on the *Irish* Walk;

By me there a Stripling stands,

A Wax *Cupid* in his Hands.

Straight I ask him with a Smile,

In the merchandizing Style :

“ Come, my *Teague*, I prithee say

“ What’s the Price of Wax to Day?”

Faith, replies the waggish Rogue,

(Much in the *Kilkenny* Brogue)

By my Shoul I gues it’s low,

Mine I’ll fell for Nothing *now*;

Nor the little Toy despise

’Cause I ask so low a Price;

True each Feature, just each Line;

Trust me, for the Work’s not mine:

But the Waxen God I fell,

’Cause I wou’d not with him dwell:

Fain I'd have him fly away,
 But he fears th' *Icarian Ray* ;
 And is not so fond of Fame
 As to give a Sea his Name.
 This, *dear Joy*, is all I crave,
 That his Absence I may have ;
 That alone my Peace secures,
 Name your Price, the God is yours.

Straight I bargain with the *Tedgue*,
 While a Guinea binds the League.

And oh *Cupid* ! now you're mine,
 Still I'll offer at your Shrine ;
 Still confess your mighty Pow'r ;
 But, if in a future Hour,
 With *your* Fire my Heart you burn,
Mine shall melt you in its Turn.

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A SONG To MYRA.

I.

AT Bath's warm-water'd Vale
There dwells-a lovely Maid,
Oh cou'd my Pray'rs prevail
To woe her to my Bed.
In hymeneal Sheets
We'd epicure each Hour,
And riot on the Sweets
Of *Cupid's* fav'rite Flow'r.

II.

Bodies by fresh Supplies
No Diminution know;
Quick from their Fall they rise,
And weaken'd, stronger grow.

Nor does it pass my Skill,
The Cruise (by Heav'n's great Pow'r)
Shou'd, as it empties, fill,
And ne'er exhaust its Store.

III.

That Cruise my Fair-One is,
Nor e'er exhausts her Art,
With her 'tis always Bliss
And Extasy of Heart.
So quick the Charms of Sense
And Beauty are admir'd,
That we have no Pretence
Or Leisure to grow tir'd.

The SWALLOW.

TWittering Swallow! for thy Noise
What just Pain can I devise?
Shou'd your Wings my Scissars feel,
Must suffer by the Steel;

For

For with me you'd twitt'ring stay,
 Pow'rless then to fly away.
 Shou'd I ('twere myself to wrong)
 Like your *Tereus* flit your Tongue,
Jack-Daw like you'd prate the more,
 And squawl louder than before;
 Shou'd I cut each optic Vein,
 Short's the Respite I shou'd gain :
 For if learned Men say true,
 Sight, tho' lost, returns to you ;
 And perhaps I soon might find,
 Poet-like you fung when blind.

Chatt'ring Bird ! for nothing good !
 Hatch'd like Snakes in Dirt and Mud ;
 Why didst with thy hissing Scream
 'Wake me from that heav'nly Dream,
 Which cou'd it but true be said,
Myra, 'thou woud'st be no Maid.

L O V E.

CUPID once to me thus spoke,
 “ Come, my *Brecknock*, to my Yoke ;

“ Thou shalt wear its softest Chain,

“ Under me thou first shalt reign.”

Born a *Briton* free and brave,

I disdain'd the Name of Slave.

And the bribing God refus'd,

Much he thought himself abus'd.

Yes—and to resent the Slight

Needs must challenge me to fight.

Straight my dear-bought Sword I take

Dear—for 'twas of *Moody's* Make.

As the glitt'ring Steel I drew,

Phæbus, it was gilt by you.

Soon my Wrist performs its Part,

Martin learnt it once his Art.

IV O I

Nor

Nor forgetful how it foil'd.

Fears it now t² attack a Child.

Shortly ends th' unequal Fray,
Love shot all his Darts away,
And the first *a-longe* I made,
On the Ground the God was laid.

Now methought 'twas Time to fly,
Fearful of a Hue and Cry.
But the God on Malice bent,
When he found his Arrows spent;
Proteus-like, nor was it strange
That a God his Form shou'd change;
In a Dart himself he threw,
To my Heart unseen it flew;
There it stuck. Stun'd, down I fall
Like a dead-struck Tennis-Ball.

Where is now your Tierce and Quart?
Martin, what avails your Art?
What Defence an outer Guard
When within the War's declar'd?

A S O N G. T^o M Y R A.

I.

THINK not thou lovely, gentlest Maid,

Thou bidst adieu to ev'ry Bliss,

When those dear Lips shall once have said

The kind, irrevocable Yes.

II.

Say, shall't thou feel no secret Joy

To've put the Wand'rer in his Way?

On me the Proof consent to try,

For I too long have gone astray.

III.

Is it no Flattery, to see

Your Beauty's sweet attractive Pow'r,

Alone cou'd fix the sprightly Bee,

That's wont to sip at ev'ry Flow'r?

But

IV.

But while you plan the flanting Scheme,
Nor taste the Nuptial true Delight,
You quit Fruition for a Dream,
The Substance for its Shade you flight.

V.

Root out this Mind's deprav'd Disease,
Nor fear in Wedlock any Harm,
The Man of Sense will ever please,
The beauteous Woman always charm.

VI.

Yet just I grant might be your Fear,
Was you some stupid Drone to wed;
But may that Scene no more appear,
“ A *Venus* in a *Vulcan's* Bed.”

JOLLITY.

WHAT care I, who's King of *Spain*?

Or who guides the *Galic* Reign?

For *Peru* I ne'er shall pine,

Nor the *Mississippi* Mine.

Still, ye Kings, admire your Gold,

Grasp your Globe with anxious Hold.

Bubble-Globe! a Breath of Air,

And not worth a Mortal's Care.

All my Care is to enjoy

The Sweet Minutes as they fly.

But my pamper'd Taste requires

Change of Pleasure, else it tires.

Hence it is I dance and sing,

Now I strike the key-mov'd String.

Now I sweep the *point-won* Bet,

Lost at Billiards, or Piquet.

Now

Now the sprightly Wine I pour,
Changing Mirth at every Hour.

How I laugh, while Railers preach
'Gainst the Grape they cannot reach.

For no Rhet'ric can maintain,
"Pleasure is in Fact a Pain."

Was it so, I'd quit thy Schools,
Epicure, with all its Fools.

Turn-coat, you shou'd quickly see

I wou'd Doctor ST O I C be.

† Jocky-Doctor, (made by Fees)

Without taking my Degrees.

Dub me, Pain, while now you're King,

I'm for Haste in ev'ry Thing.

Only such as ‡ *Shakespear's* Wight

Hold Procrastination right.

† They are called Jocky-Doctors, who had their Degrees given them by his late Majesty, when he paid a Visit to the University of *Cambridge*.

‡ He were a Wight, if e'er a Wight there were;
Fit for what?

To suckle Fools, and chronicle Small-Beer.

SHAKESPEAR.

'Tis a Dogma false and vain,
 Nay, presumptuous and profane.
 Nor is there a Word I swear
 Half so impious as " defer."
 Blot it from our *English* Tongue,
 For we've us'd it much too long.

Dull Delay I scorn to own,
 NOW is my Companion.
 Pot-Companion ! who's your Fair ?
 Toast her, we've no Time to spare :
 For who knows but you or I,
 E're we drink the Toast, may die.

P O E T S.

HOMER, in a God-like Strain
 Sings of *Troy*, and *Hector* slain.

Virgil, with a Fire might burn us,

Paints *Aeneas* killing *Turnus*.

But not others Wars I bring,
I've my own, and those I sing.

Horse nor Foot put me to flight,
No, with them I stood the Fight.
Nor (like *Balchen*) in the Sea
Lost I any *Victory*.

But an Army that was laid
In a natural Ambuscade,
Took me Pris'ner by Surprise
Rushing forth from *Myra's* Eyes.

J'aime La Liberté.

A S O N G.

I.

YOUNG *Daphnis* blest with many an Art,
To touch, to melt the Female Heart,
Was often heard to say,

From Nymph to Nymph each Day I range,
 For, deify'd thro' Choice and Change,
J'aime la Liberté.

II.

A Thousand Wiles by Time allure,
 And Wedlock's Fetters oft secure
 The steady-gazing Prey:
 But I'll avoid that common Snare,
 For tho' I like and prize the Fair,
J'aime la Liberté.

III.

Thus *Daphnis* fung, 'till t'other Night
 He danc'd with all that gives Delight,
 And charms the Soul away:
 No more he rails at *Hymen's* Chain,
 Nor e'er was heard to sing again,
"J'aime la Liberté."

The A B S E N T L O V E R, (*spoken extempore.*)

W H E N absent from the lovely Maid,
 A Thousand well-laid Schemes I plan,
 When present, it may well be said
 I'm then indeed the absent Man.

A S O N G.

I.
 S E E, *Myra*, on that Tow'r-kept Crown
 What crowding Numbers daily gaze?
 And tho' admir'd by many a Clown,
 Is it impair'd in Shew or Praise?

II.
 So tho' I ogled on your Breast,
 And view'd my Crown and Scepter there;
 Why are you angry if I'm blest?
 Are you less modest, or less fair?

III.

Then treat me not, dear Nymph, with Scorn,

Nor blush to've caught a wanton Eye.

The Rose, with its unhappy Thorn,

That is unseen, unprais'd must die.

*Verses wrote in a Prayer Book while at Church
in Peterborough Minster.*

TIS well some Centuries ago

To Heav'n the good St. Peter went :

For had he stay'd with us below,

By Gad he ne're had been a Saint.

For had he liv'd to see his Choir

Deck'd with the Beauties of this Town;

The Pendleton's, the Gadfrey's Fire,

The Softness of my much-lov'd *Briem*.

Little's

III.

Little's superior, graceful Air,
 The *Claverings*, gentle, chaste, and kind.
 And *Booker's* Ebon-polish'd Hair,
 With *Touchet's* better Part her Mind.

IV.

The hapless Fisherman had figh'd ;
 But doom'd by Fate to die a Martyr,
 We'd seen the Saint uncrucify'd,
 The Lover snickled in his Garter.

+ *The* NIGHTINGALE.

THE Nightingale by Day, by Night the same,
 While Spring and Beauty warm his little Breast,
 Thoughtful of Joy, impatient of his Flame,
 Labours unseen, and builds his thorny Nest,

+ Wrote while a Student at *Lincoln's Inn*.

But to amuse the Love-inspired Toil,
 And shew his Mistress he deserves her Choice,
 He pours in Murmurs like the sev'n-mouth'd Nile,
 The lute-string'd Confluence of his fruitful Voice.

So at the Law I drudge by Night and Morn,
 There make a Nest, (but not without its Thorn)
 Wherein to bill my Dove, and rear our Young.

But to fill up the hideous Gap of Time,
 And shew my Mistress how I'm skill'd in Rhyme,
 I chant her Praise in most bewitching Song.

AN ODE ON SCANDAL.

HAD I shew'd a daftard Mind,
 Betray'd my Friend, or sold my King;
 With Reason might your North-east Wind
 Blast the fair Blossoms of my Spring.

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II.

Or had I lost in Fortune's Wheel
Without Intent or Fund to pay,
Then might your bar-cross'd, deep-grav'd Seal
Stamp RASCAL on my bastard Clay.

III.

But while sharp Proofs the World assure
My Heart is just, beyond a Doubt :
Tho' Scandal shoot her Dart, secure
Within, I've nought to fear *without*.

IV.

Pinchbeck and Gold alike may shine,
And either Metal cheat the View,
But when they pass the Ordeal-Fine,
The fiery Trial shews the true.

the fine Cordial

the fine Cordial

Then

(38)

V.
II.

Then Scandal cease your Sword-edg'd Breath,

Nor stabbing blot my fair-wrote Name,

What? will you doom the Sun to Death,

'Cause he not always seems the same.

VI.
III.

What? cause beneath a Cloud he lies,

Must he be thought to've lost all light,

Still, still he shines to upper Skies,

His Beams unfoil'd, his Glory bright.

A CALCULATION of my AMOURS.

CLOUD'S T'hou count me all the Leaves,

That October's Lap receives,

Or the Waves that staggering reel,

To and fro from Port to Deal,

Couldst thou reckon up each Sand,

What the Tide has left the Strand;

Or the Shells that glitter there,

Or the Locks of *Myra's* Hair :

Thou alone (I wou'd agree,

Teller of my Loves shoud'ft be.

Take your Pen, begin the Score,

Set the *Rounds* at Ninety-four.

At *Vauxhall* where none cou'd see

Number down *my Graces* three.

At St. *James's* just thirteen;

Twelve were Ladies, one—a Dean.

In the City write down Ten,

All, 'e Wives of Aldermen.

One near *Brentford*, a brisk Dame

Mighty cautious of her Fame.

Five, upon the Road, between

Chelfea Church and *Parson's Green*.

One at *Fulbeck* brown her Hair,

One at *Lead*—*Stow*—*fair*.

of her
Hairs lost
Hes
Hes

from June to
I could
3

Burgers a Dean

recd of that same
writing

the Author had there
of Moorish

Which dear Spots cou'd I behold,
Miser-like I'd kiss the Gold.

But, my Friend, thou hast not done ;
No, thou'st scarcely yet begun.

All those Numbers thou'st not told,

Which, e'en now, my Arms enfold :

Nymphs that, in a polish'd Age,

Dance, or sing, or tread the Stage ;

By whose Cheeks we might agree

That they sprung from the R¹ Sea ;

But their Manners make it plain

That they're Daughters of the † *Seine*.

Yet you've still a Task to mine,

Wyngate scarce cou'd count the Sum.

Legions kiss'd, from old *Versailles*

Down the *Rhône* and to *Marseilles*.

† The River *Seine* runs thro' the City of *Paris*, where Ladies of Fashion, and Actresses on the Stage are particularly remarkable for the immoderate Quantity of Rouge they put upon their Cheeks.

From *Marfeilles* I steer my Way,
 Up the Sea of *Genoa* :
 Till at length fatigu'd I land,
Lucca, on thy Olive Strand.
 Then to *Florence* Post I ride,
 († *Arno* is my faithful Guide.)
 There a thousand Nymphs I try,
 There a thousand Nymphs comply.
 While I breath'd *Bologna's* Air
 I saw three Virgins there :
 Virgins, if I'm not deceiv'd,
 So they swore, and I believ'd.
 Twenty Beauties make me stay
 Full three Weeks at *Farara*.
 Thence I cross the fabled *Po*,
 And arrive at *Rovigo* ;
 Where I quench a Lover's Flame
 Fifty Times at † *Adrio's* Stream.

† The River *Arno* flows from *Lucca* to *Florence*.

Adrio, a River in the Neighbourhood of *Rovigo*.

Still in Search of new Delights,
Padoua now my Taste invites ;
 Where I hear the Whisper say,
 Forty Times at least, "*Qui é ?*" *
 On the Wings of Love I fly,
 Lo ! the *Carnaval* is nigh.
 Strait to *Venice* I repair.—

Good Sir, if you're going there,
 My Discharge I humbly ask,
 I'm unequal to the Task ;
 Your Amours, I find at last,
 For my Pen are much too fast.

What ? already dost give o'er ?
 Why I've Millions yet to score ?
 For when † *Cupid* t'other Day
 Had shot all his Darts away,

* When a young Gentleman raps at an *Italian* Mistress's Door, she generally looks out from the Window, and in a soft Voice asks, "*Qui é ?*"

† See Page 25—v. 19, 20.

Shortly ends th' unequal Fray,
 Love shot all his Darts away, &c.

I must own indeed my Heart
 Was the Butt that lodg'd each Dart;
 And 'twas wounded so all o'er,
 There's not Room for one Wound more.
 But by Diminution strange,
 (Still I wonder at the Change)
 All those little Wounds are gone,
 Metamorphos'd into One :
 Into ONE at Bath they grew,
Myra, when I first saw you.

*In the whole, two millions
 Two thousand, three hundred
 & thirty five, as by arithmetic
 appears alias
 1925*

INSTRUCTIONS to LENS to draw Sally Lane's Picture.

MASTER of the Rhodian Art
 Draw the Mistress of my Heart.

Draw me, *Lens*, her dying Air,
 Make her loving, as she's fair.

Let me first her Locks behold,
 Colour'd with the purest Gold :

Like || *Dione's* let them be,
Rising naked from the Sea.

In her Temples place a Vein,
Dye it with an azure Stain,
Nought but Kisses let it wear,
For I've stamp'd a Thousand there.

That her Eye-brows may be known,
Arch them with your lightest brown,
Gently bend the curving Line,
Make it delicately fine.

Underneath each Arch express
All that is of Tendernefs.
Paint those Eyes that I admire,
Make them languish with Desire,
Tinge them with your clearest Blue,
Make them seem for Peace to sue;
Yet their Vigour let them beam
Then, when suing most they seem.

+ *His ego contulerim quas quondam nuda Dione
Pingitur lucenti sustinuisse manu.*

OVID.

Sweetly

Sweetly smiling as she speaks,
 Catch the Dimples in her Checks :
 In whose hollow, soft Abode
 Hide the little amorous God :
 There the Roses red and white,
 With the downy Peach unite,
 And the blushing Poppy cull,
 With the Bloom of *Spanish* Wool.
 Yet I fear your *Rhodian* Art
 Cannot those dear Looks impart,
 Which, while I enraptur'd view,
Jove, I am more blest'd than you.

Let her well-made Nose declare
 Its peculiar sprightly Air ;
 Make it elevate its Tip
 Somewhat flanting to the Lip.

Paint me now, with all your Skill,
 Lips to make an Eunuch bill.
 Moist and fleshy let them be,
 Darting Kisses---all for me.

For from me they shou'd not give
 One, to keep my † God alive.
 But thou can'st not paint the Sense,
 Nor the Wit, that flows from thence,
 Canst thou make them lewdly ask
 To renew the pleasing Task?
 Can the sweet Confusion say,
 " Don't."—" my Soul."—" oh!"—" do not."—" hhey."
 No—the Exterior only paint,
 Make her seem a very Saint;
 And her modest Looks so coy
 Ne'er will give thy Quill the Lie.
 Next describe her amorous Chin
 Border'd with an Ermin's Skin.
 Joining there, her Neck I'd see
 Whiter than its ‡ Ivory.

† *Cupid.*

‡ *Lens paints on Ivory.*

Make

Make it turning, brightly shine.
 Breathing & Odours, dropping Wine.
 Let its Length be well exprefs'd,
 Soft and graceful like the rest.
 Then the stately Column place
 On its firm and snowy Base ;
 Where I'd have your Art display
 The celestial Milky Way.
 Let it guide th' enamour'd Sight
 To the Seat of soft Delight.
 There two spotless Snow-balls shew,
 Hand-press'd by her Love-lost Beau ;
 Till they tight and round appear,
 Like a well form'd Hemisphere,
 If the rival Down you paint,
 See the Likeness be but faint ;
 Left grown jealous I shou'd swear
 Leda's Jupiter is there.

& Divinos afflavit Odores.

VIR.

On each Breast, in Scarlet dy'd
 Let the Nipple swell its Pride :
 Make it pout its cockish Tip
 Humid from the nibbling Lip ;
 Small and flavour'd let it be,
 Like the Red Wood-Strawberry.

Make her Shape from thence descend
 Justly pointing to its End.
 Give it all its nat'ral Ease,
 Make it taper by Degrees,
 That the well-proportion'd Cone
 May become so rich a Zone.

Here I'd have a Veil conceal
 What's too luscious to reveal.
 For should'st thou or I declare
 Half the Sweets that center there,
 More than half the World would be
 Envious of thy Bliss, and me.

Here thy curious Labours leave,
 And thy Praises due receive.

Which the Portrait wou'd proclaim,
 Was I silent of thy Fame ;
 Since none else wou'd be so vain
 As to draw my *Sally Lane*.
 Nor wou'd Nymph so fair as she
 Set to any One, but Thee.

The BANQUET.

WITH our Rosy Chaplets crown'd
 Let the sprightly Bowl go round.

Let's be *debonnaire* and gay,
Brecknock gives the Feast to Day
Barbarini's to be there,
 Dancing to an Ideot Air.
 But her Minuet she denies,
 Left our Hearts should curse our Byes.
Hamelle strikes the Genial String,
Manicelli is to sing.

Come,

(51)

Come, my *Monticelli*, come,
Sweet thy Breath as *Saba's* Gum :
But thy Voice more sweet and clear
When it sings "*non posso dire.*"

Gold-hair'd *Cupid* will be there,
And young *Bacchus* ever fair.
Venus too, he meant t' invite,
But mistook her in the Night,
But his Error is our Gain,
For he ask'd his *Sally Lane*.

The D O V E.

PRETTY Dove, I prithee say,
Whence, and where thou wing'st thy Way?
Whence these aromatic Gales
Which thy Breath in Show'rs exhales,
As the Wing-cut Path you try,
Sweet Perfumer of the Sky,

H

Tell

Tell me, for I long to know,
Who's thy Master, tell me who? :

Brecknock, young Love-luthing *Swain*,
Sent me to his *Sally Lane*.

Beauty's Queen---for t'other Day,
When their † Feast had made them gay;
When they crack'd the merry Joke,
And the Wine-told Truth was spoke;
Then they all agreed to swear

That was not half so fair.

Brecknock then the Banquet gave,

And I tell you I'm his Slave.

For, with an undaunted Soul,

When of late a Quill he stole

From *Anacreon's* Wing-pluck'd Swan,

(Blame *Promethean* Thefts, who can)

He with that a Picture drew,

And that Picture, *Lane*, was you.

† See the preceeding Ode.

Much its Beauties were admir'd,
 Copies ev'ry Day desir'd,
 Till at length to Heav'n it came
 By the Flying Post call'd Fame.
 When the Picture there was shewn
Venus took it for her own.
 Thinking, in the Tongues of Men,
Venus was the same with *Lane*.
 And contented with her Bard,
 Gave him me, as a Reward.
 Broke her Yoke, no more I bear
 Her gilt Chariot thro' the Air.
 But on *Brecknock* now attend,
 Less my Master than my Friend.
 And he tells me with a Beck,
 See this Letter on my Neck,
 When I've bore it, *Lane*, to thee,
 If I will he'll set me free.

But his Service I'll not quit ;
 No—I fare too well in it.
 Pray, what Need is there, that I
 To the Fields and Groves should fly ;
 Wet my Plumes, benumb'd my Feet,
 And what's worse, no Food to eat,
 Save, when starv'd I seek Relief
 From the Cole-feeds ranky Leaf.
 Now I eat the best *French* Bread ;
 From my Master's Hand I'm fed.
 Pleas'd he fees my Glutton-haste
 Smell the Pellet-moulded Paste.
 Wine I drink, the same as he,
Port, Champaign, or Burgundy.
 Tipfy grown, I reeling go,
 While he laughs to see me so.
 Oft I fan him with my Wing,
 Changing Summer into Spring.

But

But when Night approaches nigh,
 And the Lid drops o'er my Eye,
 On his Lyre I lay my Head,
 Softer than the softest Bed.

There---I've told you all, my Friend;
 That my Story here may end,
 Pray be gone: For, Sir, your Stay
 Makes me prattle like a Jay.

VERSES to *DELIA*.

I Sigh'd, grew pale, and droop'd my Head
 And nothing for a Fortnight said,
 At which the Ladies wonder'd:
 At this I gravely made a Pause,
 And reason'd with myself the Cause,
 On which I ne'er had blunder'd.

II.

Had not my *Delia*, lovely Maid,
 † A Song into my Hands convey'd,
 Which when I'd cast an Eye on,
 The Mirror instantly did shew
 The real Cause of all my Woe,
 The Shepherd's Cafe was my own.

III.

Then wonder not I look so stupid,
 Since now you know, dear Ladies, *Cupid*
 Has pierc'd my Heart quite thorough.
 And I shall quickly grow more silly,
 Unless I get the Rose and Lilly
 Of holy *Peter's* Borough.

† This was the Song of *Delia*.

“ When *Delia* on the Plain appears,
 “ Aw'd with a Thousand tender Fears,
 “ I wou'd approach, but dare not move!
 “ Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

But

IV.

But, † Doctor, since you often tell
 Your Friend, you re'lly love him well,
 Cause he's a Youth so daring :
 Pray send him straight a Sudorific,
 He means that lovely sweet Specific
 Of your and your Wife's preparing.

On G O L D.

COU'D Gold a longer Date procure

Or ‡ *Mitchel*-like my Life insure :

Wou'd Death content wheel off from me,

Like a Phyfician with his Fee ;

Or cou'd I by a greater Loan

Keep off the Tooth-ach, Gout, or Stone.

I'd quit my Gospel, (false or true,) †

Cut my Præputium, and turn *Jew* ;

† Father to *Delia*.

‡ *Mitchel*, Chief Officer for the Insurances upon Lives.

I'd dive into the Foot-plumb'd Sea,

To weigh up *Crates'* Treasury.

Nay, when I was beneath the † Bell,

I'd force a Passage down to Hell ;

And, as *Æneas* did of old,

I'd bear away whole Boughs of Gold ;

Nor need the Tree its Loss deplore,

Since straight reblooms the gather'd Ore.

In *Tagus* Streams I'd search for Pelf,

And bathe, till I grew Gold myself.

Gold I wou'd have, and have as much

As *Attilas* did, and did not touch.

But since grey Death and Wifemen hold

There's no intrinsic Worth in Gold,

Like Filth I'll spurn the yellow Scum,

Nor sweat myself to raise the Plumb.

No Tears my Brow, nor Eyes shall shed,

They'd rot my Life's too thin spun Thread.

† The Diving-Bell.

No, let me rather pierce the Cask,
 Nor other Boon, ye Gods, I ask,
 But that my Fortune I may spend
 Upon my Mistress and my Friend.
 When dead---what boots the hoarded Mine?
 'Tis Use, that makes the Metal shine.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

I.

A GAIN the † Serpent roll'd-up Year
 Compleats its Round, and casts its Mail;
 Nor more its venom'd Tongue we fear,
 Stop'd by its ‡ *Harpocratic* Tail.

† The *Egyptians* symboliz'd the Year by a Serpent with his Tail in his Mouth.

‡ *Harpocrate* is the God of Silence, always represented with one Finger upon his Lip.

(166)

II.

Hatch'd, and bred up in *Scotian* Mire,
It soon got Strength, and hiss'd its Way;
While the curs'd Worm innate Desire
First on its Mother learnt to prey.

III.

Then tempted with the Golden Fruit
That in fair *Albion's* Garden grew :
The frait crawl'd th' ill-favour'd Brute
With all his Brother reptile Crew.

IV.

But the Guard-Angel of our Isle
With prying Search the Devil found ;
And spurning crush'd the Miscreant vile,
And left him on the Death-bed Ground.

Rebellion

(61)

v.

Rebellion slain, succeeding Years

We'll symbol by the golden † Ring :

Again the Golden Age appears ;

No Iron Chains, while **GEORGE** is King.

The D I R G E

WHEN, dear *Bettini*, first I came

Where *Wey* chalks out its Milky Stream,

Beaus how brisk, the Belles how gay,

Imp'r'd the Poet's tuneful Lay!

The Hops in thicker Clusters hung,

In louder Strains the Lab'ers sung;

† The *Romans* represented the Year by a Ring *Annus, quasi Annulus*.

(62)

All look'd as Jollity and Smile
Had pitch'd their Tents on *Farnham's* Soil.

Rebellion stain, succeeding Years
We'll symbol by the golden Ring:

But since Fate clos'd my *Vernon's* Eyes,
The Pride of Man, the Women's Joy,
All looks as Horror and Despair

Had fix'd their Habitation there,
muddy Tears his Death deplore,

The Virgins dance and love no more;
The Maids chant a dirgeful Style,

And mourn the Loss of *Farnham's* Soil.

A DRINKING SONG, from the FRENCH.

K Night of the Bottle and the Bowl

Fill out a Bumper to each Soul;

Tho' the snarling Critics growl.

Gods! what a Joy it is to drink?

Fill then a Bumper to each Soul,

And let's make our Glasses chink.

11 7 49

On